

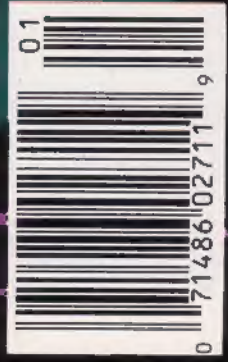


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Girls' School from **HECK** Part 2 of 3

EXCALIBUR



THE POWERFUL CAPTAIN BRITAIN, THE SHAPE-CHANGING MEGGAN, THE INTANGIBLE SHADOWCAT, THE SWASHBUCKLING NIGHTCRAWLER, THE MYSTERIOUS PHOENIX, THE EVER-UNPREDICTABLE WIDGET AND LOCKHEED THE DRAGON FORGED IN THE FIRES OF THEIR TRAGIC PASTS, THEY HAVE Banded TOGETHER TO FIGHT A MODERN DAY CRUSADE AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL! STAN LEE PRESENTS...

EXCALIBUR

PART TWO OF GIL'S SCHOOL FROM **HELL!**

THE STUDIOS OF THE BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, WHITE CITY, LONDON...

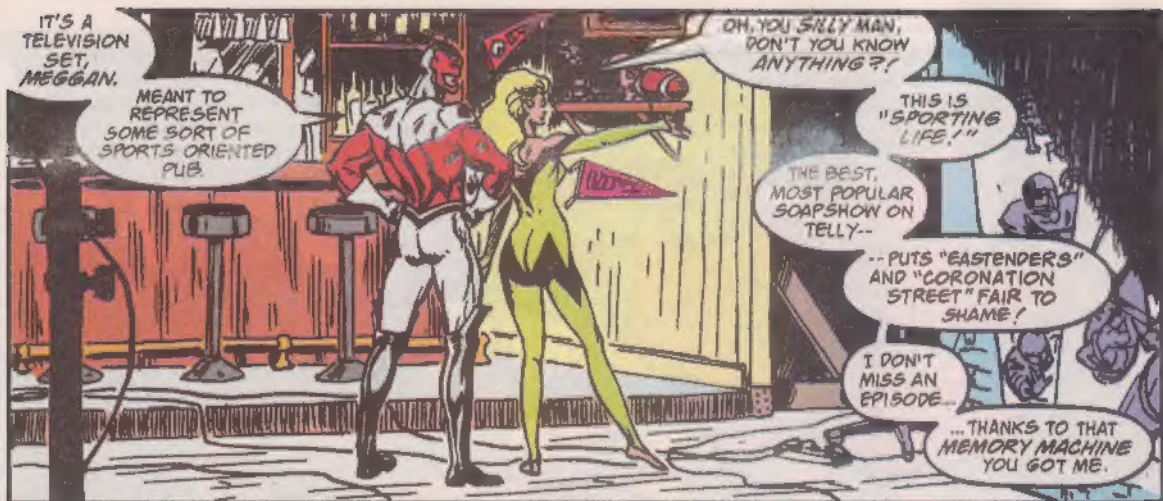
OH, BRIAN--

--THIS IS WONDERFUL!

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF

CHRIS CLAREMONT WRITER RON WAGNER ARTIST TIM HARKINS LETTERER JOHN WILCOX COLORIST TERRY KAWANAGH EDITOR TOM DE FALCO ADJUDICATOR CHRIS CLAREMONT & ALAN DAVIS CREATORS

EXCALIBUR™ Vol. 1, No. 33, January, 1991. (ISSN # 1045-1368) Published by MARVEL COMICS, James E. Galton, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright © 1990 by Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price \$1.75 per copy in the U.S. and \$2.25 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: U.S. \$21.00; Canada \$26.00; and foreign \$33.00. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. EXCALIBUR (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) are trademarks of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO EXCALIBUR, c/o MARVEL COMICS, 9TH FLOOR, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018. Printed in The U.S.A.



IT'S A
TELEVISION
SET,
MEGGAN.

MEANT TO
REPRESENT
SOME SORT OF
SPORTS ORIENTED
PUB.

OH, YOU SILLY MAN,
DON'T YOU KNOW
ANYTHING?!

THIS IS
"SPORTING
LIFE!"

THE BEST,
MOST POPULAR
SOAPSHOW ON
TELLY--

-- PUTS "EASTENDERS"
AND "CORONATION
STREET" FAIR TO
SHAME!

I DON'T
MISS AN
EPISODE--

... THANKS TO THAT
MEMORY MACHINE
YOU GOT ME.



A VIDEO
CASSETTE
RECORDER.

WHATEVER.

I WAS WONDERING
ABOUT YOUR INCREASING
RELUCTANCE...

ENGLAND
AMAZING
FOOTBALL

... TO GO ON
MISSIONS EVERY
TUESDAY AND THURSDAY
EVENING.

SEEMED THE
LOGICAL THING
TO DO.



"AMERICAN
FOOTBALL
COMES TO
BRITAIN!"

"DEBUTING THIS
SEASON, ENGLAND'S
OWN PROFESSIONAL
TEAM!"

UNBELIEVABLE!

WHERE IS THE
ATTRACTION IN
WATCHING HUGE
MUSCLED BODIES IN
HELMETS AND BODY
ARMOR THUMP INTO
EACH OTHER?



CAN'T HOLD A CANDLE TO SOCCER--
OR CRICKET. NOW THERE'S
A PROPER GAME.

WELL, THERE'S
ONE THING THE
YANKS OFFER...



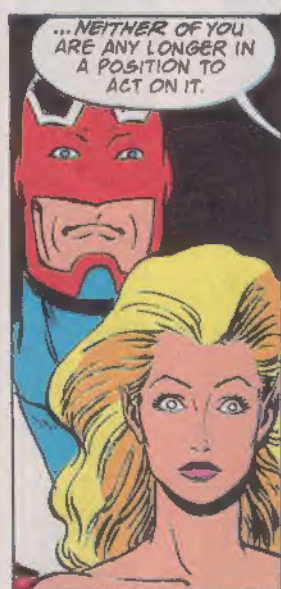
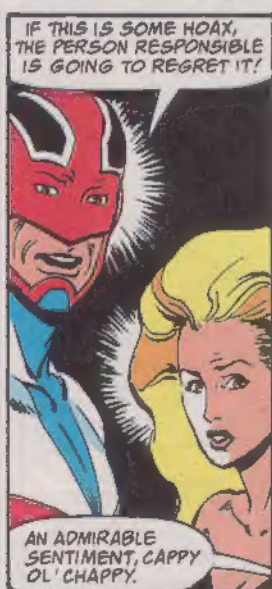
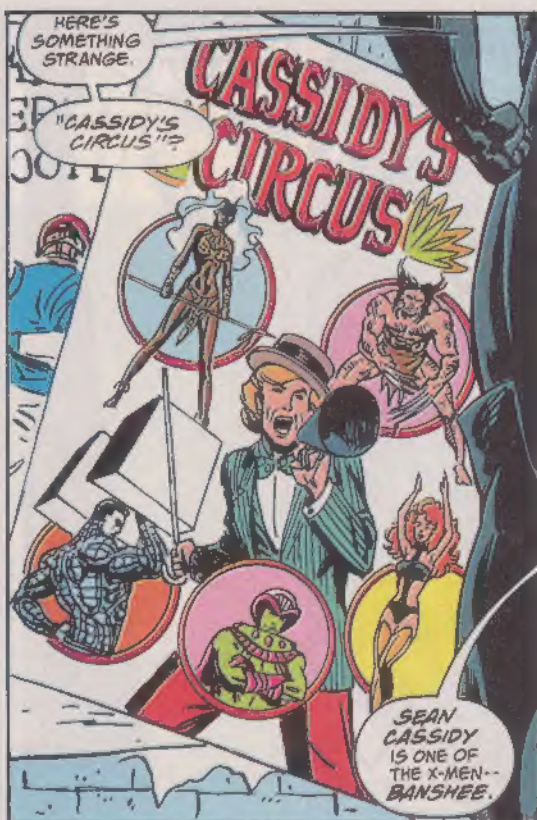
... THAT WE
STODGY OLD
ISLANDERS
DON'T HAVE!

SUCH AS--
WHAT?!



CHEERLEADERS!

BRITISH LIONS
HEAR US ROAR--JUST
SIT BACK AND WATCH
US SCORE!





THE WILD, WEST COAST OF BRITAIN--

-- THE HAUNTED LIGHTHOUSE THAT SERVES AS HEAD-QUARTERS AND HOME OF EYALINBUR...

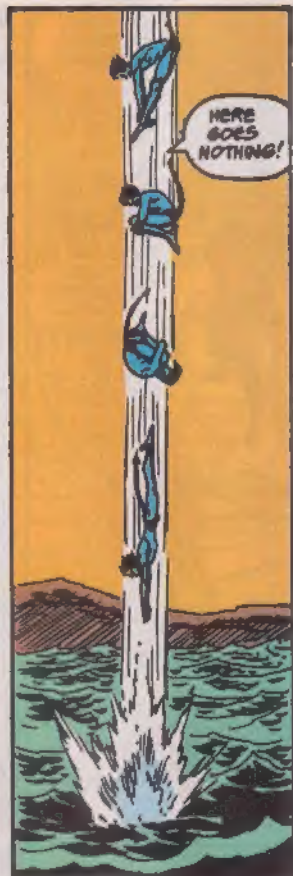


READY AS I'LL EVER BE.

humpf!



NO COMMENTS, THANK YOU, FROM THE PEANUT GALLERY!



HERE GOES NOTHING!



FAIR DIVE.

NOW FOR THE REAL TEST--

POOF!

--TO TELEPORT...



-- BACK INTO THE AIR.

DIDN'T REACH THE TOP.

NOT SURPRISING. ALWAYS TAKES MORE EFFORT TO JAUNT VERTICALLY...

-- AND GOING UP IS THE HARDEST TRICK OF ALL BECAUSE I'M GOING AGAINST EARTH'S GRAVITY.



STILL, I DON'T FEEL ANY MAJOR STRAIN.

SHALL WE TRY AGAIN?

WHY NOT?



MISFIRE!

POOF!



I DIDN'T TRANSIT, I'M STILL UNDERWATER!

DISORIENTED--
WHICH WAY
IS UP?!

SHUT YOUR
MOUTH, DOLT,
YOU'LL LOSE ALL
YOUR AIR!



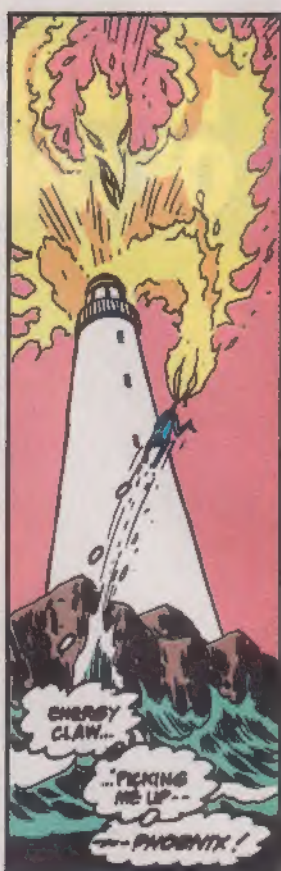
TOO
LATE!

NO STRENGTH.

CAN BARELY
MOVE, MUCH
LESS SWIM.

HOW DEEP
AM I?!

WHERE'S THE
SURFACE--
HYDRAHTS



ENERGY
CLAW...

...PICKING
ME UP--

...PHOENIX!



WELL, WELL, WELL--
WHAT ABOUT
ME HERE?!

FEELING A TRIFLE
SUICIDAL THIS
MORNING, ARE WE,
NIGHTCRAWLER?!

TESTING OUR
POWERS WITHOUT
A BACK-UP?!

3 KOPF
KAF KOPF
CRACKEN?!

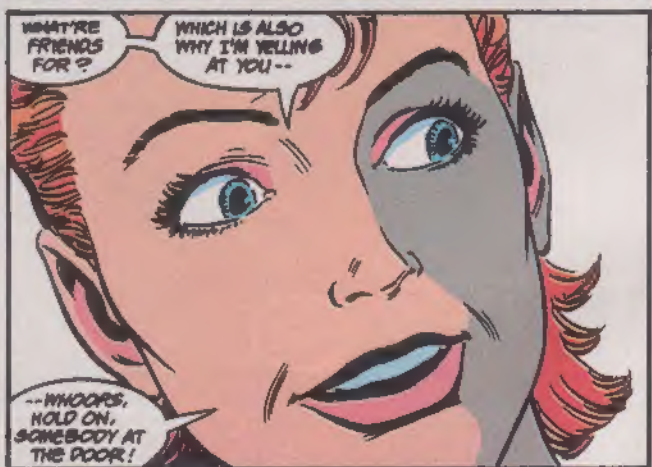


NICE NOISE. YOU'RE GETTING
BETTER, BUT YOU'RE
STILL A LONG WAY FROM
YOUR OLD CAPABILITIES.

NO PAIN,
LIEBCHIN,
NO GAIN.

NOT WHEN
IT DOES MORE
HARM THAN
GOOD!

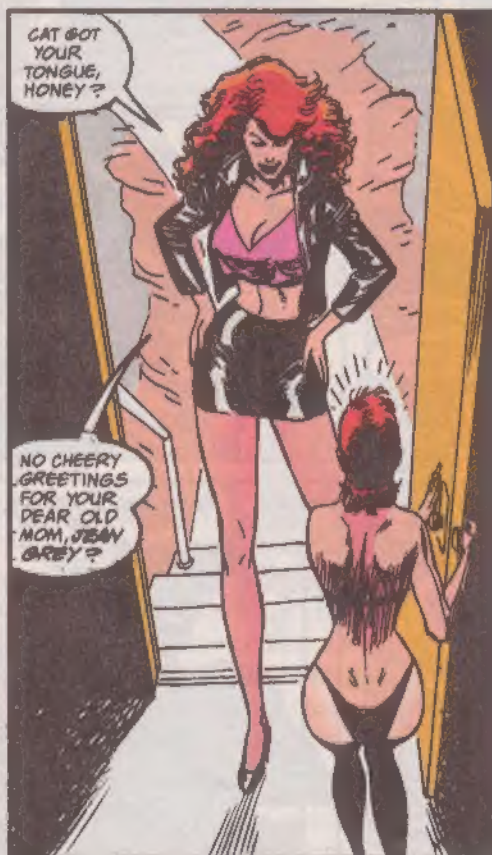
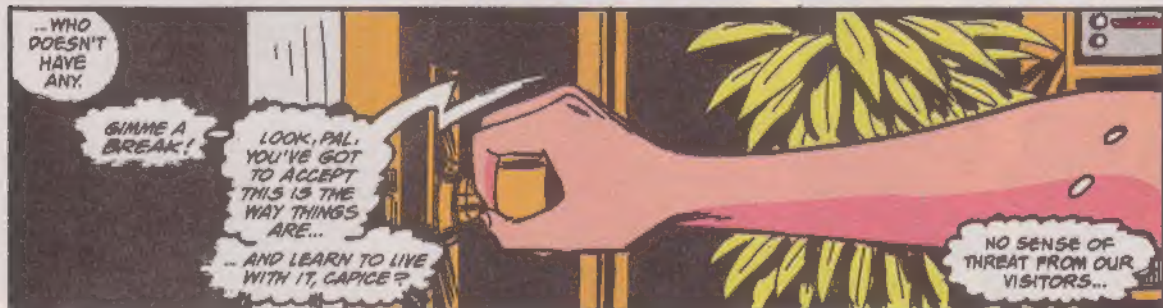
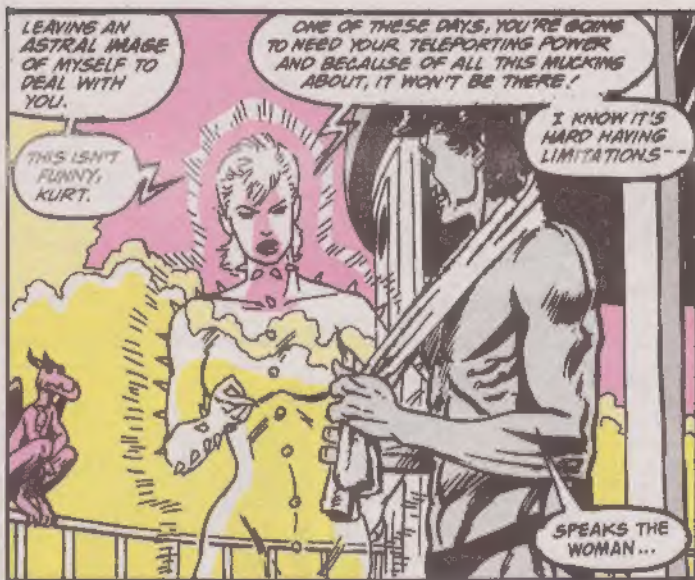
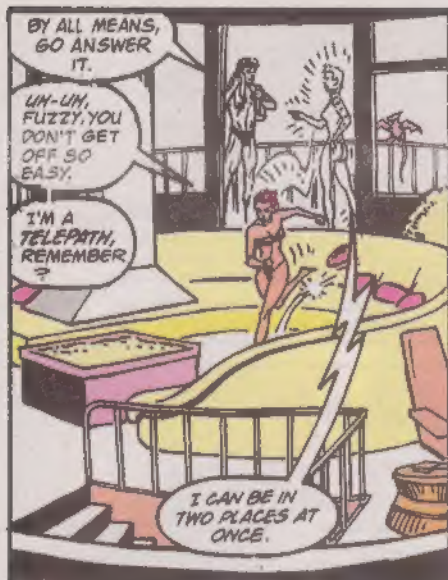
THANK
FOR THE
RESCUE

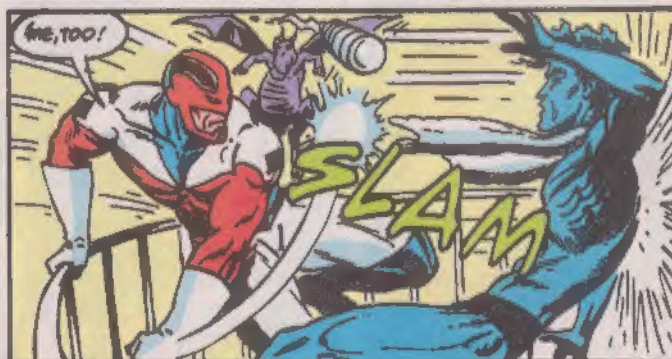


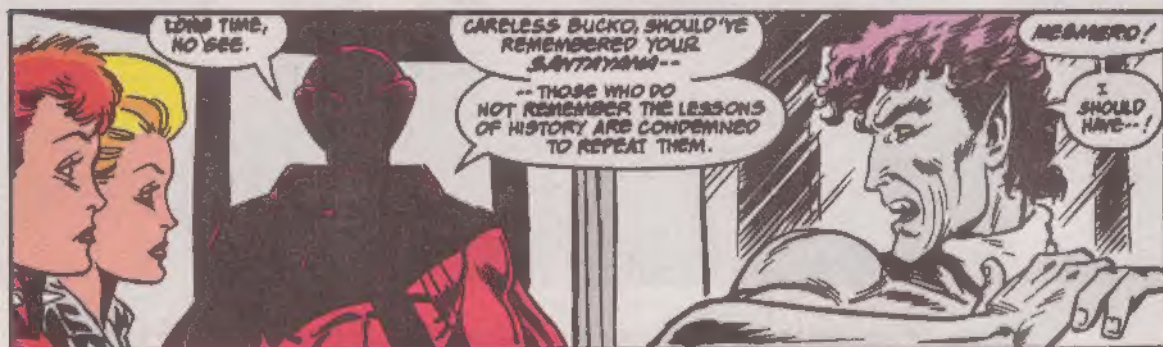
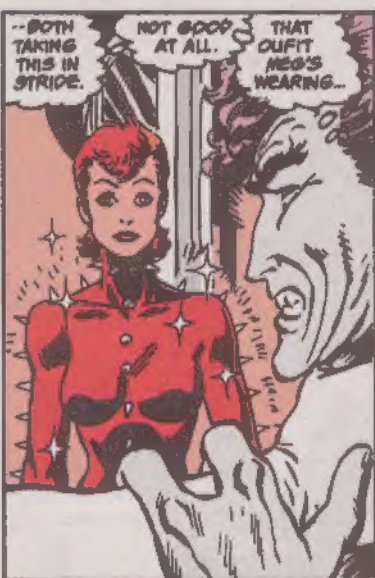
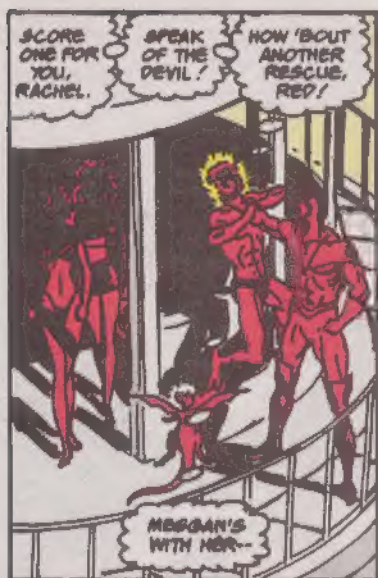
WHAT'RE
FRIENDS
FOR?!

WHICH IS ALSO
WHY I'M YELLING
AT YOU--

--WHOOPS,
HOLD ON,
SOMEBODY AT
THE DOOR!



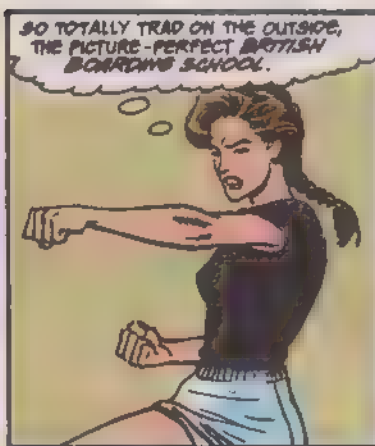
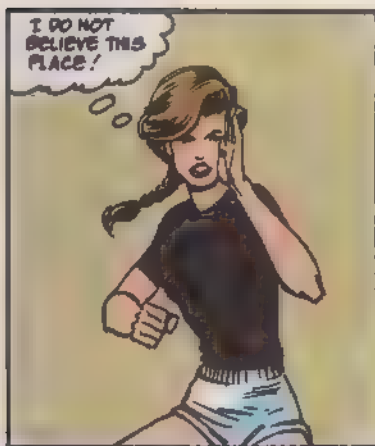


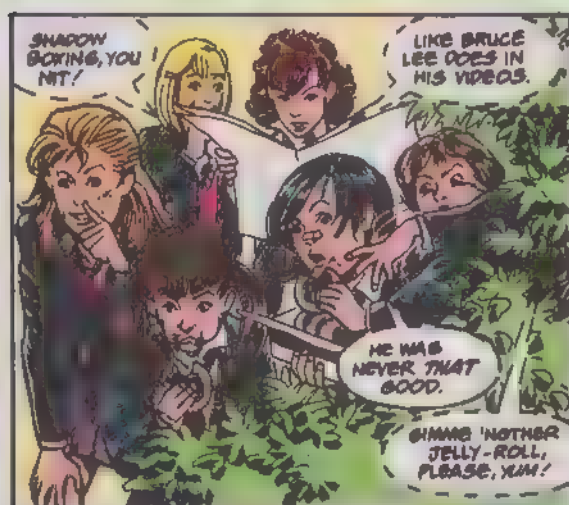
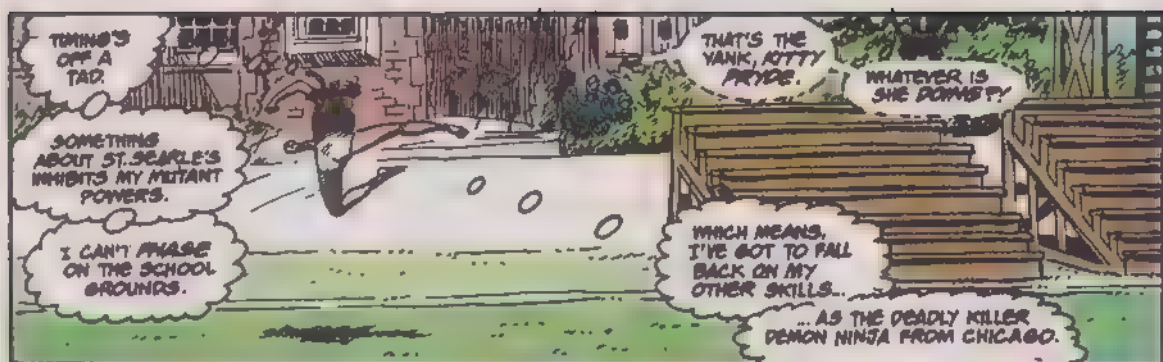


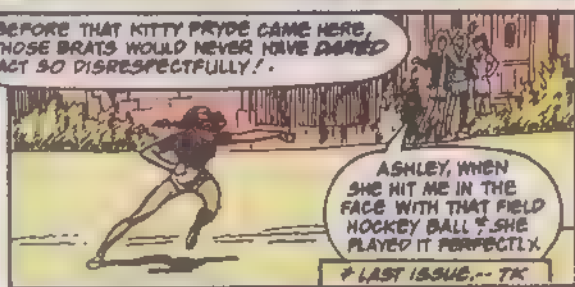
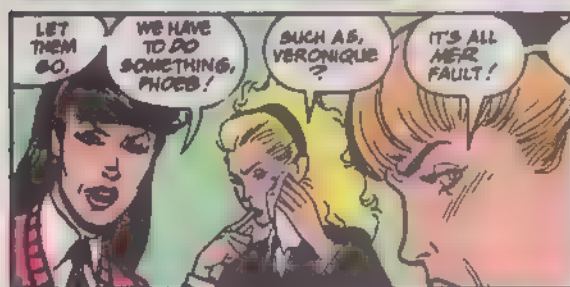
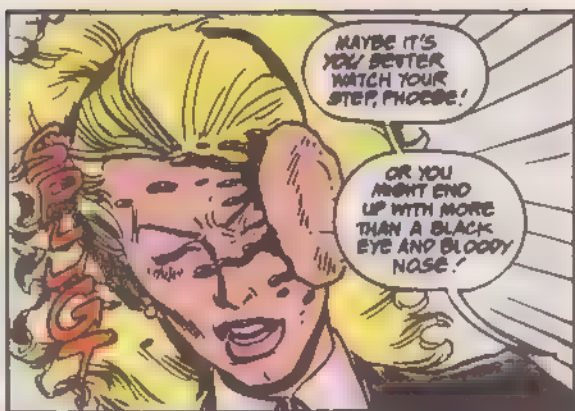
#X-MEN#111 (OR CLASSIC X-MEN#11), FOR THE ARCHIVISTS AMONG YOU.--TK

MEANWHILE --







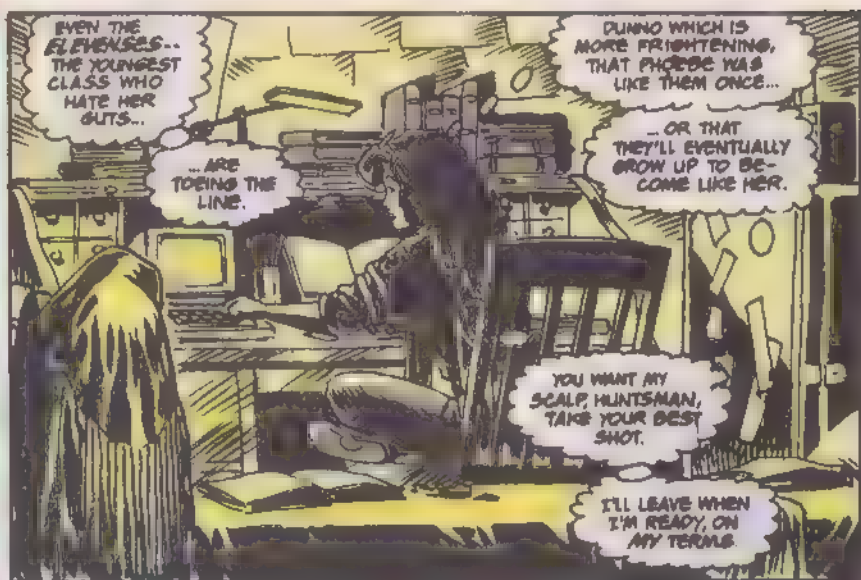




AND SO

GOTTA HAND IT TO THAT COW, REEB

SHE'S GOT ST SEBASTIAN'S LOCKED UP TIGHT



EVEN THE ELEVENSES... THE YOUNGEST CLASS WHO HATE HER BUTS...

...ARE DOING THE LINE.

DUNNO WHICH IS MORE FRIGHTENING, THAT PHOEBE WAS LIKE THEM ONCE...

...OR THAT THEY'LL EVENTUALLY GROW UP TO BECOME LIKE HER.

YOU WANT MY SCALP, HUNTSMAN, TAKE YOUR BEST SHOT.

I'LL LEAVE WHEN I'M READY, ON MY TERMS

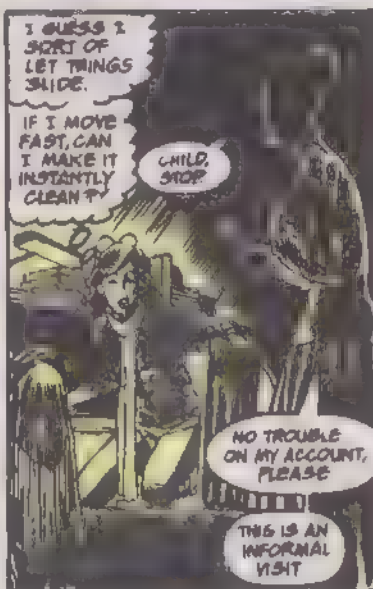


NO MATTER HOW LONELY IT GETS

KATHERINE?

MRS RUTHERFORD! OHMYGOSH, THE ROOM'S A PRISTY

NO ONE EVER COMES UP HERE TO THE TOP OF THE OLD TOWER IT'S THE SCHOOL'S EQUIVALENT OF SIBERIA!



I GUESS I SORT OF LET THINGS SLIDE.

IF I MOVE FAST, CAN I MAKE IT INSTANTLY CLEAN?

CHILD, STOP

NO TROUBLE ON MY ACCOUNT, PLEASE

THIS IS AN INFORMAL VISIT



MY, WHAT A CLIMB

I'D FORGOTTEN HOW HIGH AND STEEP THOSE STAIRS ARE. I'M QUITE OUT OF BREATH.

I'M CONCERNED KATHERINE. YOU'RE NOT MAKING ANY FRIENDS.



KIND OF HARD, WHEN KIDS WON'T EVEN TALK TO ME.

BUT I'M TRYING MY VERY BEST.

I'M SURE YOU ARE. I KNOW IT'S TERRIBLY HARD, TRAVELING TO A STRANGE LAND, FAR FROM HOME AND FAMILY, TRYING TO MAKE A PLACE FOR YOURSELF



IF THERE'S ANY WAY I CAN HELP...

MRS RUTHERFORD-- HEADMISTRESS--

--THE FINANCE COUNCIL-- THEY'RE HERE!



FORGIVE ME, KATHERINE, I MUST ATTEND TO SCHOOL BUSINESS.

WE'LL CONTINUE OUR DISCUSSION ANOTHER TIME

YOU KNOW, WAY BACK WHEN, THIS WAS MY ROOM. GOOD NIGHT.



WHY AM I NOT SURPRISED?

SHE'S A DEAR.

WONDER WHAT'S UP?

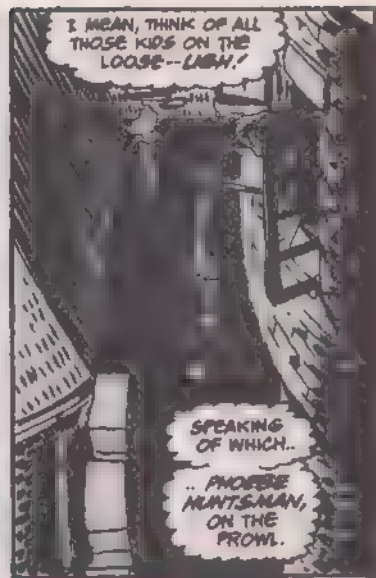
WHY SHE REACTED, DIDN'T LOOK TOO PLEASANT.



NONE OF MY BUSINESS, JUST LET IT RIDE.

EXCEPT--DESPITE MYSELF--I'M STARTING TO LIKE THIS SCHOOL, TOO.

I DON'T WANT ANYTHING BAD TO HAPPEN TO IT.



I MEAN, THINK OF ALL THOSE KIDS ON THE LOOSE--LASH!

SPEAKING OF WHICH...

...PHOEBE HUNTSMAN, ON THE PROWL.



DUCKING INTO THAT ATTIC ACROSS THE WAY.

SO WHAT?



M-Y-O-B, PRYDE.

WITH NICKNAMES LIKE "KITTY" AND "CAT"?

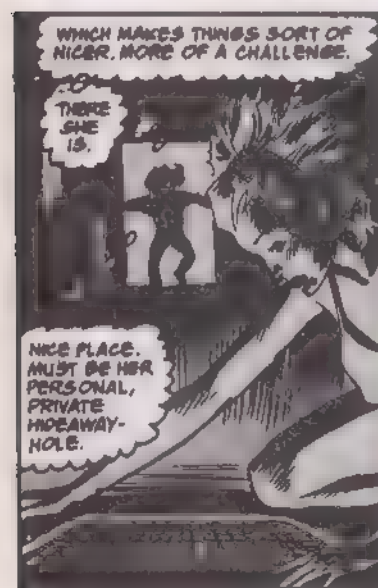
YEAH, RIGHT. PURE. AWAY!



WATCH YOURSELF, OKAY?

DON'T MAKE A SOUND, BUT DON'T MAKE A MISTAKE EITHER.

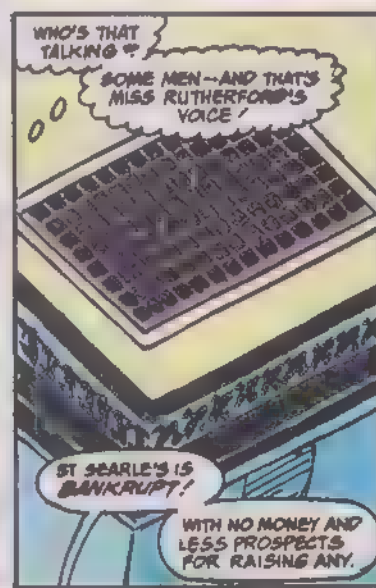
YOU'VE GOT NO POWERS TO GIVE YOU AN EDGE.



WHICH MAKES THINGS SORT OF NICER, MORE OF A CHALLENGE.

THERE SHE IS.

NICE PLACE. MUST BE HER PERSONAL, PRIVATE HIDEAWAY-HOLE.

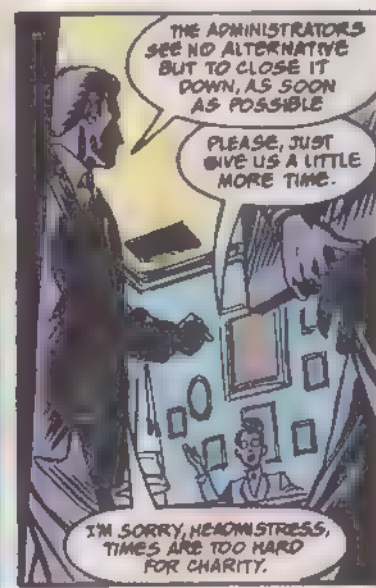


WHO'S THAT TALKING?

SOME MEN--AND THAT'S MISS RUTHERFORD'S VOICE!

ST SEARLE'S IS BANKRUPT!

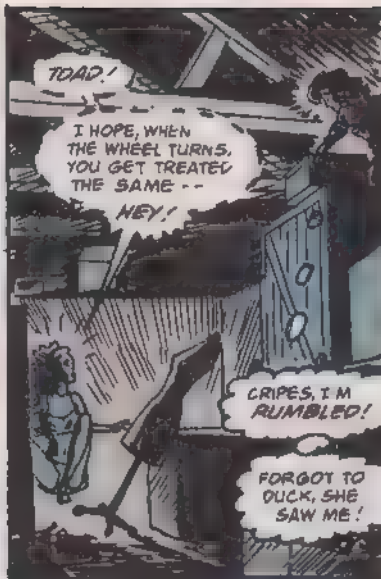
WITH NO MONEY AND LESS PROSPECTS FOR RAISING ANY.

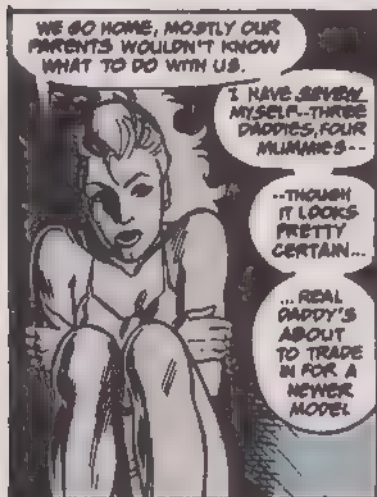
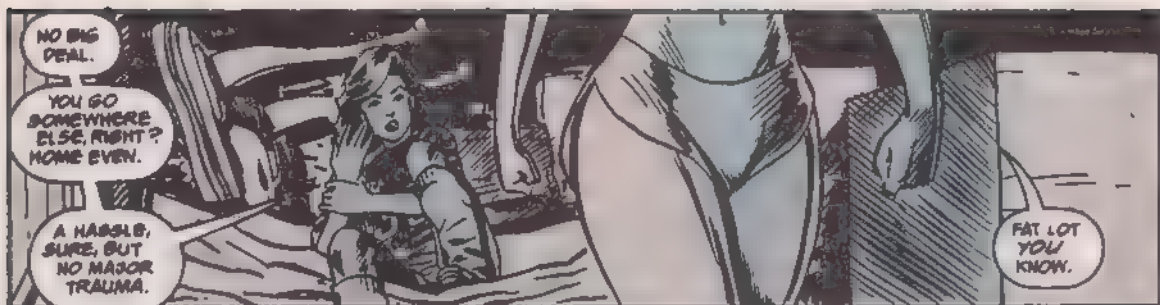


THE ADMINISTRATORS SEE NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO CLOSE IT DOWN, AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

PLEASE, JUST GIVE US A LITTLE MORE TIME.

I'M SORRY, HEADMISTRESS, TIMES ARE TOO HARD FOR CHARITY.







LONDON...

WITH ALL DO
RESPECT, COMRADE
COLONEL...

... I DO
NOT BELIEVE
MY EYES.

WHATEVER
DOES THE
BRITISH PRIME
MINISTER SEE
IN SUCH A
CHARLATAN?



PRINCES AND PRESIDENTS NEED
ANALYSTS, DEBRA KAMARA,
JUST AS COMMONERS DO.

SOMEHOW, I
FIND IT IMPOSSIBLE
TO ACCEPT THAT
OF MEER.



PERHAPS THEN, SOMEONE TO CONFIDE
IN. A MEANS OF UNBURDENING
SELF OF THE STRESSES AND
STRAINS OF PUBLIC OFFICE.

BY ALL
ACCOUNTS, THIS
ONE SEEMS FAR
MORE REPUTABLE--
AND EFFECTIVE--
THAN MOST.

SO
WHAT'S
OUR NEXT
MOVE,
THEN?

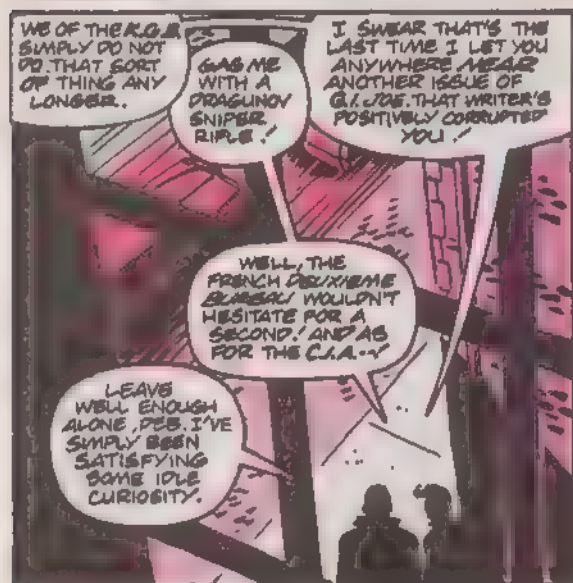


GET A LINE ON THAT SHRINK AND
THROW HIM, HOOK HER UP
WOULDN'T THAT BE THE INTELLI-
GENCE COUP OF THE CENTURY?

MY DEAR MAJOR
LEVIN, I AM
SHOCKED!

HAVEN'T
YOU
HEARD?

THE
ROOM
IS NOW
FRIENDS
WITH THE
WEST.



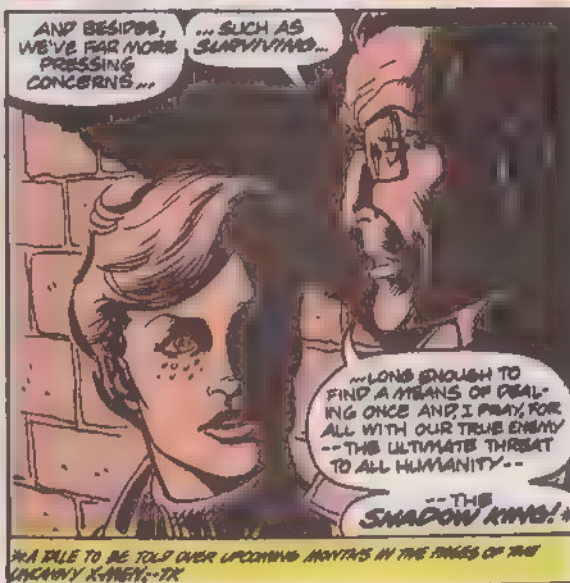
WE OF THE R.O.R.
SIMPLY DO NOT
DO THAT SORT OF
THING ANY
LONGER.

GAS ME
WITH A
DRAGUNOV
SNIPER
RIFLE!

I SWEAR THAT'S THE
LAST TIME I LET YOU
ANYWHERE HEAR
ANOTHER ISSUE OF
G.I. JOE. THAT WRITER'S
POSITIVELY CORRUPTED
YOU.

WELL, THE
FRENCH DEUXIEME
BLANCHE WOULDN'T
HESITATE FOR A
SECOND, AND AS
FOR THE C.I.A....

LEAVE
WELL ENOUGH
ALONE, DEB. I'VE
SIMPLY BEEN
SATISFYING
SOME IDLE
CURIOSITY.



AND BESIDES,
WE'VE FAR MORE
PRESSING
CONCERNS...

... SUCH AS
SURVIVING...

... LONG ENOUGH TO
FIND A MEANS OF DEAL-
ING ONCE AND I PRAY, FOR
ALL WITH OUR TRUE ENEMY
--THE ULTIMATE THREAT
TO ALL HUMANITY--

--THE
SHADOW KING--

WILL BE TOLD OVER UPCOMING MONTHS IN THE PAGES OF THE
JAGANNATH KARNET... TX

MEANWHILE ON THE 70TH FLOOR OF THE HARLEY STREET TOWNHOUSE...

MY WHOLE LIFE I'VE LOOKED FOR THE PERFECT SCAM

DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE, REALLY. KINDA HARD TO DANCE THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW WHEN YOUR SKINS THE COLOR OF AN UNRIPE APPLE

I FOUND IF I LOCKED EYES WITH FOLKS...

AN' BY THE TIME I FIGURED SOMETHING OUT, THERE CAME MAGNETO TO STOMP MY FACE AN' GRAB 'EM AWAY FROM ME.

AFTER, I TRIED THE OLD WAY AGAIN, BUT MY HEART WASN'T IN IT.

THEN--BOLT FROM THE BLUE--IT HIT ME 'WHY USE MY OPT TO HURT FOLKS? SPECIALLY WHEN THE PUTZ WHO GOT HURT MOST OFTEN AN' WORST OF ALL WAS ME!

AN' BARN IF THAT DUMB NOTION DIDN'T PAY OFF.

I'M PULLIN' IN MORE CASH LEGIT THAN I EVER DID AS A CROOK.

CONSIDER THE ALTERNATIVE, MUTANT. POSSIBLE DISGRACE VERSUS CERTAIN OBLITERATION.

YOU COUNT AMONG YOUR PATIENTS SOME OF THE MOST POWERFUL IN THIS LAND. THROUGH YOUR MYNATIC POWER, OUR MASTERS WILL CONTROL THEM.

...I HAD CONTROL OF 'EM INSTANT ANAPHORIS.

TOO GREAT A TEMPTATION TO RESIST, KNOW WHAT I MEAN? I FIGURED THE WHOLE STINKING WORLD WAS MY OYSTER, 'CEPT THAT EVERYTIME I PULLED A CAPER...

...IT BLEW UP IN MY FACE.



I HAD THE POWERS FOR A LIFE OF CRIME BUT NOT THE SMARTS.

MAN, I DID WHAT AD-BOOTS--AND THAT INCLUDES THE HIGH-AND-MIGHTY MASTER OF MAGNETISM HIMSELF, MAGNETO--HAD EVER DONE!

I CAPTURED THE X-MEN!

ON THEIR OWN HOME TUBE, TOO!

TROUBLE WAS, ONCE I HAD 'EM, I'D NO IDEA WHAT TO DO NEXT.

AN' I GOT STATUS TO GO WITH IT.

PLAY MY CARDS RIGHT, COULD BE A KNIGHTHOOD OR A PEERAGE, AIN'T THAT A CROCK?



AN WEIRDEST OF ALL, I ACTUALLY FEEL SOME SENSE OF SATISFACTION DOING GOOD. ME, MESSHRO! WHOEVER'D HAVE THOUGHT?

WHICH IS WHY I AM SO TOTALLY TICKED OFF AT YOU TWO BRASS BOZOS WALTZING INTO MY LIFE TO FLUSH IT DOWN THE TOILET.

YOU WANT MY SERVICES, YOUR BOSSES HAVE TO MEET ME, PERSONAL.

IMPOSSIBLE YOUR POWERS POSE TOO GREAT A RISK.

TELL ME ABOUT IT. THAT'S WHY THEY SENT YOU WAR-DROPS.



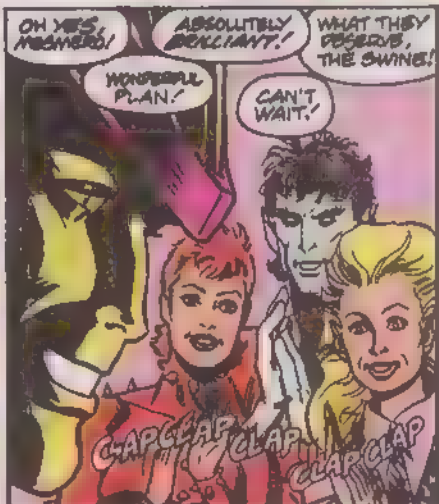
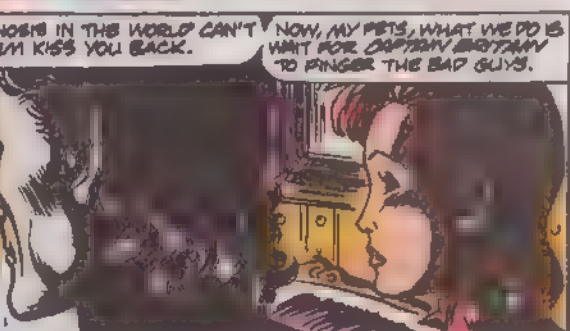
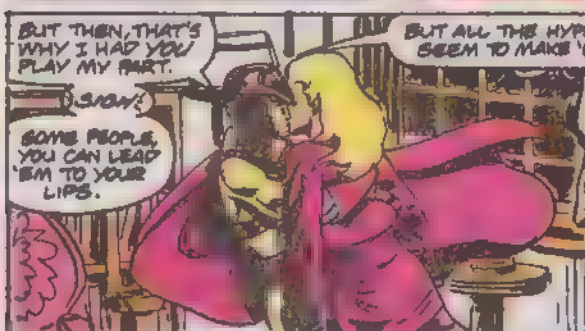
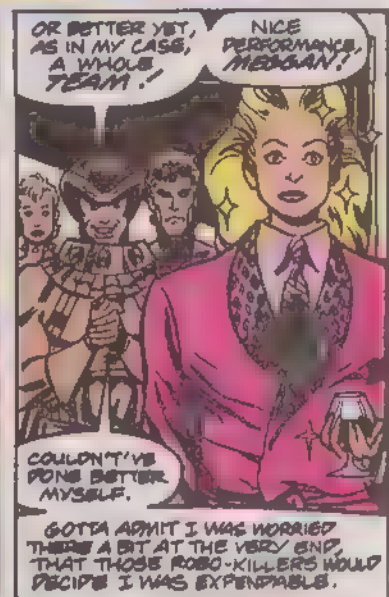
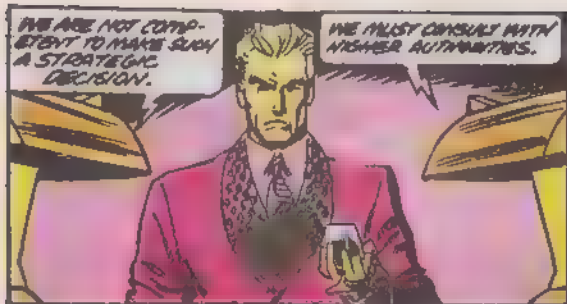
CAN'T MESSMERIZE A MACHINE.

BUT THAT'S THE DEAL. TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT. WE DON'T MEET, YOU MIGHT AS WELL FRY ME NOW.



YOURSELF WITHOUT ME, IT'S EYE-EYE MASTER PLAN, AM I RIGHT?

YOUR MOVE, BUNKIES. BUT MAKE IT SNAPPY, WILL YA? I'M EITHER DEAD OR I GOT THINGS TO DO.



ST. SEABURY'S--

--SOME
MUSIC--

DIFFERENT (AND LARGER, AND
MUCH MORE CROWDED) ROOM--

--COUNCIL
OF WAR--

THEY
CAN'T CLOSE
DOWN THE
SCHOOL!

HAVEN'T YOU
BEEN PAYING
ATTENTION?!

IT'S A PINE DEAR--
ANCIENT
HISTORY--

FAT CHANCE
OF THAT, FAR
AS I CAN
TELL!

CAN'T WE CALL
OUR PARENTS
FOR HELP?!

DUH, WHO P? YOU
THINK THE SCHOOL
ADMINISTRATORS
RANG FIRST?!

--UNLESS WE
FIND A WAY TO
STOP IT!

THIS IS ALL
THE POCKET
MONEY WE'VE
COLLECTED, SHELBY,
FROM EVERYONE
HERE.

NOT A
WHOLE
LOT IS
THERE!

CERTAINLY
SUFFICIENT
FOR A BAR OF
SOAP...

...ALWAYS ASSUMING YOU RUFFIANS
HAD THE SLIGHTEST NOTION HOW TO
USE IT.

DON'T
SEE YOU,
TOADS
MAKING
ANY
CONTRIBUTIONS.

THEY
ALREADY
HAVE THE
COSTUMES.

NOT TO
MENTION
THE
ATTITUDE.

THUNDER THIGHS!
THUNDER THIGHS!
THUNDER THIGHS!

HOW
BRAVE
YOU--?!

WANNA
MAKE
SOMETHING
OF IT,
VIRGINEQUE?!

I'LL MAKE
SOMETHING
OF YOU!--

I PUNNO, THEY
COULD OFFER THEM-
SELVES AS PIN-UPS
TO SOME TICKY-
TACKY MAGAZINE.

ALWAYS ASSUMING,
OF COURSE, WE COULD
FIND SOMEONE WILLING
TO PAY FOR PICTURES
OF SUCH OVER-THE-
HILL COWS.

BETTER
BE
CAREFUL,
LOOKER.

CROSS FIELD
HOCKEY STICKS
WITH US, AND
YOU'LL REGRET
IT!

--NAMED A
CASUALTY
CASE!



I HATE TO INTERRUPT, GUYS...



...BUT I HAVE A PLAN.

THAT IS...



...IF ANY OF YOU ARE INTERESTED?



ACTUALLY, MY PAL PRYDE MIS-SPOKE HERSELF EVER-SO-SLIGHTLY.

RIGHT. SORRY ABOUT THAT, MY MISTAKE. SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER.

WHAT I MEANT TO SAY WAS THAT...

...HUNTSMAN AND I, WE HAVE A PLAN.



PHONE T!

KITTY ARIE!!

TOGETHER!?



OKAY--I PLANNO WHO AMONG YOU KNOWS IT, BUT THIS SEASON MARKS THE DEBUT OF BRITAIN'S FIRST U.S. STYLE PRO FOOT-BALL TEAM.

SO WHAT'S ON TAP, THEN?

GOONNA TRY US OUT AS PLAYERS?

ENGLAND'S AMER FOOTB

OR BETTER YET--GODS--HIJACK THE TEAM AN' HOLD IT FOR RANSOM?



NOT QUITE.

BUT THERE'S ONE THING EVERY U.S. TEAM HAS THAT THEIR U.K. COUNTRY-BART INTENDS TO EMULATE--

---CHEERLEADERS!

**MARVEL
COMICS**

BULLPEN BULLETINS



Greetings, guys and ghouls! This is your old friend *Digger*, serving up another bloodcurdling portion of tasty tidbits and malevolent morsels. October is the month of ghosts, goblins, and grinning gossip columnists, so let's see what haunted Hallo-winners we can dig up this month. What—? You say this is November already—that the October Bullpen page was replaced by a ghastly advertisement—? Well, heh, heh, when I find out who's responsible I'll be sure to invite you all to the funeral! Now then, let's proceed as if we were still filled with the Halloween spirit, eh?

After all, there's some really scary stuff coming up in the next few months. First off, we have that scum-slashing, back-bacon-eating psychopath, *Wolverine*, starring in his second bookshelf format annual. The book is called "Bloodlust," and it's written and drawn by *Alan Davis* and *Paul Neary*. The annual pits *Wolverine* up against an unspeakably evil creature, and, according to editor *Bob Harras*, "It's so scary, you'll never read comics again!" O' *Digger* has seen the artwork for the book, and I can guarantee that it'll make your head spin, just like *Linda Blair* in *THE EXORCIST*!

Not scary enough for you? Well wait till you hear the title of a new limited series from editor *Bobbie Chase*. It's called *MORT THE DEAD TEEN-AGER*! If that doesn't sound scary to you, then you must already be dead! *Mort* will take a somewhat humorous look at the misadventures of a dead teen-ager.

STAN'S SOAPBOX

Hi, Heroes! Y'know, I can handle *Marvelites* everywhere grumbling that they're not getting enough information about the upcoming *MARVEL WORLD OF TOMORROW*, but when our competitors start complaining too, then I figure it's time to lay a few more facts on you, even though the official publication date is still a while away. (You see, big hearted *Marvel* wants to give you enough time to save your shekels so not a single reader anywhere misses out on the most eagerly awaited new title since *IRVING FORBUSH VS. WOLVERINE*!)

First of all, I've got to tell you that the artwork of *Jotlin' Johnny Byrne* has never been more spectacular. I know you expected that, but what you probably didn't expect is—everyone is so turned on by the fantastic characters and wild concepts that we decided to make it an 80-page issue instead of the originally planned 64 pages! That means more work for all of us, but hey, no problem—it's a labor of love!

Actually, *THE MARVEL WORLD OF TOMORROW* title is much too cumber-

some. It's really just a temporary catch-all moniker until we hit you with the real one, which we're keeping under wraps for obvious reasons of inter-galactic security!

We've been shooting for January as our on sale date! It'll be our way of helping mankind celebrate 1991! But despite some malicious rumors you may have heard, neither *Byrne* nor I intend to dress up like *Baby New Year* to promote the book!—Though it might not be a bad idea!

Now, for those tortured souls who may have missed my awesome announcement in a recent issue of *MARVEL AGE*, I'll generously repeat it: In the seemingly ubiquitous *MARVEL WORLD OF TOMORROW*, the hero's name is *RAVAGE*, and the villain is *DETHSTRYK*! And take it from your playful ol' publisher, once you see them, you'll never forget them!

And remember, too—wherever you go, whatever you do, do it up proud! The eyes of *Marvel* are ever upon thee!

Excelsior!

Stan

Here's something that's sure to make your nose-hair curl. It's *FAFHRD AND THE GRAY MOUSER*, a four-issue bookshelf format limited series beginning this month. *FAFHRD* is an adaptation of the classic *Fritz Leiber* sword-and-sorcery classic, and though it's not really a horror story, well, you know how scary mice can be. They could eat you alive when you sleep!

The project is very much in the "spirit" of *Leiber's* original work, but with a modern approach, according to editor *Nel Yomtov*. *FAFHRD* is written by *Howard Chaykin*, who drew a *FAFHRD* adaptation himself some time ago. It seems *FAFHRD* just keeps coming back to haunt *Howard*.

The artists for *FAFHRD* are *Mike Mignola* and *Al Williamson*, with painted color by *Sherilyn van Valkenburgh*. *Nel* described the art for the book as "stunning." It's so good, it will knock your eyeballs out of their sockets!

Another horrifying item you might want to check out is the new hand-held video game from *Gameboy* starring that creepy-crawly, arachnophobic *Spider-Man*! There will also be a *Spidey* video game for home use coming soon. Just picture how scary that is—a video game being played in your own house! It's enough to straighten out your vertebrae just thinking about it!

In other terrifying news, writer/*Dead-head* *Michael Higgins* stopped by the office the other day. If you don't think that sounds scary, you've never met *Higgins*! *Higgins* (or, the *Hig-beast*, to his friends) dropped in on his editor, ex-skinhead/White Castle-hamburger-eater *Mike Rockwitz*, to discuss plans for *POWER PACK*—surely *Marvel's* most terrifying title. (Of course, "terror" is a purely subjective term, and your own mileage may vary.)

Finally, if you want to see something really scary, you might want to check out the first issue of the *OFFICIAL HAND-*

BOOK OF THE MARVEL UNIVERSE MASTER EDITION. This will be an ultra-definitive telling you *everything* you could ever want to know about all your favorite (and *least* favorite) *Marvel* characters. You don't think that sounds scary? Well, how about this—a frightening amount of research went into this project! Do you know how much time it takes to read through all those back issues? We had to spend hours in the *Marvel* bound volume room. Have you ever seen that room? It's like a tomb!

And now, the moment you've all been waiting for! Just in time for *All Hallow's Eve*, we have the results of the hyper-accurate *Marvel Zombie Census*! This past summer, we scoured the convention trail, like vampires hunting for a succulent meal. We asked you, the *Marvel Readers*, to sit down and be counted. And you obeyed en masse—like the good little zombies we knew you were!

So here, then, is the final tally of our poll: the 1990 *Marvel Zombie Census* shows a grand total of 3,158 *Zombies*! That's pretty good! But that's *not enough*! We won't rest until *Marvel-worshipping* zombies the world over declare their *zombicity*! So if we didn't get you this year, you can be sure we'll be back next year to try again! And next time, you won't be able to hide from us!

This is *Digger* signing off till next year at this time. Till then, keep shuffling!



THEIR ORIGINAL PLAN WAS TO IMPORT A PRO OUTFIT FROM THE STATES...THAT'S STILL IN THE WORKS.

BUT AS A PUBLICITY GESTURE, THEY'RE STAGING AN OPEN CALL TOURNAMENT, TO SEE IF THEY CAN FIND A "HOME-GROWN" ALTERNATIVE.

AT WEMBLEY STADIUM, IN A FORT-NIGHT.

FOR THE WINNER, A PERFORMANCE CONTRACT PLUS A MAJOR CASH PRIZE ENOUGH MONEY UP-FRONT TO BUY ST. SEARLE'S TIME, IF NOT SAVE THE SCHOOL OUTRIGHT.



MISS RUTHERFORD, SHE SEES AND OF US ON TELLY, SHE'LL HAVE A PROPER COW!

SO WE GO DISGUISED, WIGS AND THE PROPER COSTUMES, SHE'LL NEVER RECOGNIZE US



THIS CAN WORK, GUYS, REALLY.

WE HAVE THE RAW MATERIAL, WE HAVE THE TALENT, AND WE SURE HAVE THE INCENTIVE.



IN TWO WEEKS, NOT A HOPE!

ANYONE HAVE A BETTER SUGGESTION?

ANY SUGGESTION AT ALL?

YOU RATHER JUST GIVE UP THEN?

HAVE A HEART, PHOEBE!

WHO'S TO TEACH US THE ROUTINES?

WHO'S TO LEAD US IN THE FIELD?!



WELL...

--ME!

FIVE-P SAYS WE'LL PULL IT OFF.

DOOMED!

WHAT KIND OF ODDS?

UTTERLY DOOMED!

NEXT ISSUE: SCHOOL SPIRIT-or-CHEERLEADERS FROM HECK!

EXCALIBUR REUNITES WITH SHADOWCAT FOR THE FINAL CONFRONTATION WITH MESMERO'S MASTER!